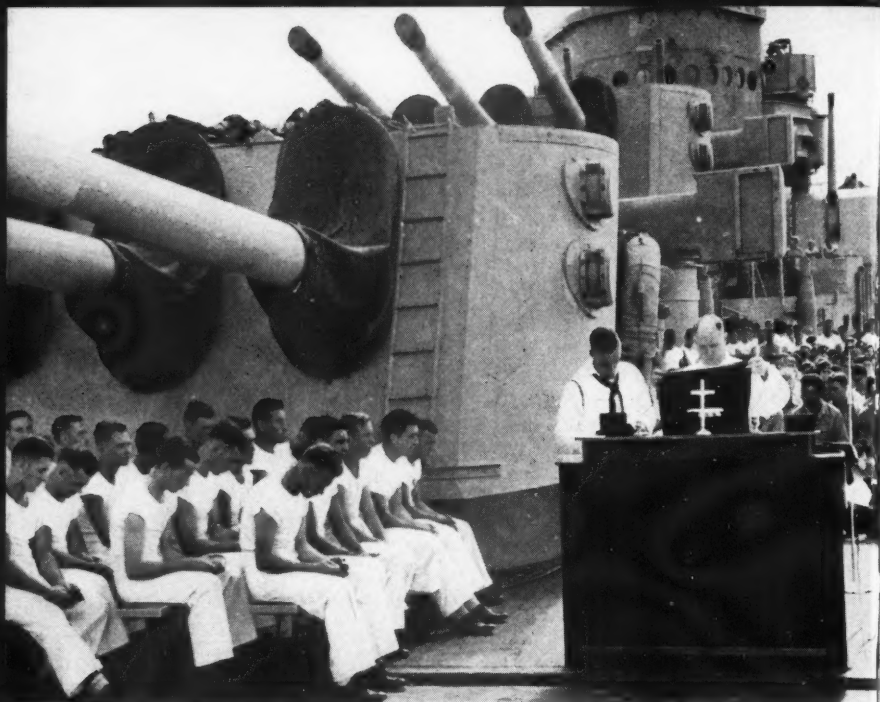


# MARYKNOLL

THE FIELD AFAR

A black and white photograph of a woman, Mary Knoll, walking outdoors. She is carrying a young child on her back and holding a large, dark, bulky object (possibly a bag or bundle) in front of her. She is wearing a light-colored, long-sleeved shirt and dark pants. The background is dark and indistinct.

March  1941



Father Stephen Hannon offers Mass "somewhere in the Pacific"

## Maryknollers in the Service

**M**ARYKNOLL is privileged to have a score or so of its priests serving as chaplains in the armed forces of our Nation, in many parts of the world. Among those in the service, Father Stephen Hannon is on a battlewagon in the Pacific. Father Arthur Cunneen was in the recent conquest of Tarawa; he also participated in the landings at North Africa, Sicily, Kiska and New Guinea. Father Joseph Daly is on an island in the South Pacific. Father Daniel Lenahan is somewhere in Europe. Father William Cummings is in the Billidad Prison Camp in the Philippines, a prisoner of the Japanese. With the successors of the Flying Tigers in China, is Father James Gilloegly.

# MARYKNOLL

• THE FIELD AFAR •



*The Maryknoll Society, laboring among the needy in the far lands of the earth, is part of the Church's world-wide effort under Christ to serve all men in body and soul*

**THIS MONTH**... Have you ever wondered how Maryknoll manages to get news out of war-torn China so promptly? Radio is the answer! From a cave in Chungking one of our priests regularly short-waves over a Chinese Government radio station an up-to-the-minute report on our missions. This broadcast is picked up by a listening post in California and relayed to Maryknoll immediately. The latest Chungking offering, **Bombs Caught Up With Him**, can be discovered by merely turning this page. For another angle on the same bombing read the Sister's account on page 38 . . . **Sanctuary During Bombing** will make you glad that you are comfortably ensconced in your favorite armchair. . . . Father Ambrose Graham recounts more than a few hair-raising experiences as he takes you on an eight-day trip through the Bolivian jungle. The article, **In The Wilderness**, begins on page 26. . . . The conditions under which the Church in Manchuria exists today are described in **Manchu Missioner**, a first-hand interview on page 34. . . . Recommended is Father Collins story (page 40) describing the land **Where Time Has Stopped** . . . This month *The Field Afar* comes to you in slightly new dress. Let us know how you like it. . . . **Our Cover** shows a South China refugee with her baby and few belongings. Maryknoll is caring for thousands of refugees in its China missions. We appreciate greatly all you have done to help provide us the means.



Address all communications to THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL, P.O., N. Y.

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# Bombs Caught Up With Him

by JAMES F. SMITH

**J**APANESE BOMBS have finally caught up with Father Russell Sprinkle. The most-bombed Maryknoll missionary in the Orient is in Memorial Hospital at Wuchow, slowly recovering from serious injuries suffered recently when he was buried alive in the ruins of the Maryknoll mission chapel in Wuchow.

Father Sprinkle is an awesome figure to natives of his South China neighborhood, and something of a legend. He has survived an incredible number of Japanese air raids in South China, where, with some one hundred and fifty other Maryknoll missionaries, he still serves the unending

swarms of refugees spiritually as well as with food and medicine.

His escapes from bombs and bomb fragments cover a span of almost seven years. In one of the first raids, a Japanese bomb injured "Liz," Father Sprinkle's motorcycle, but he patched her up and continued his rounds. Several times after that, as he bumped along on South China journeys, strafing Japanese dived to the roads he traveled but missed him.

Subsequently, one day, as he splashed through a rice field on "Liz," they overtook him, shot several holes in her, and forced him to take to the ditch. Even American planes tried to tag him. A P-40 flown by Captain Marks of Bayonne, New Jersey, then with Chennault's Flying Tigers, whizzed uncomfortably close in a forced landing.

## A Grounded Tiger

**F**ATHER SPRINKLE didn't mind that one. He was overjoyed at the chance to talk with a fellow American, acted as the flyer's interpreter, and supervised the dismantling and crating of the P-40 so that it could be shipped by junk to its home airport before Japanese reconnaissance pilots could find it.

Last spring a flight of twenty-eight Nipponese bombers pounded Maryknoll's city mission in Wuchow, supplementing the high explosive with incendiaries. In

●  
**Father Russell Sprinkle, of Ohio, is Maryknoll's "most bombed" missionary**





this raid, one bomb blast actually ripped the priest's Chinese jacket from his back. The bomb smashed a near-by building to brick dust, and heavily powdered Father Sprinkle, but otherwise did not hurt him.

He dragged himself out of debris, and joined the other Maryknoll priests in setting up an emergency relief station for Chinese raid victims. He fed and found shelter for families left homeless in this raid, tended the wounded, and then — but not until then — changed to clean garments. He found "Liz" smashed beyond repair by one of the bombs.

The other day a swarm of Japanese bombers smashed at Wuchow again, and again the Maryknoll mission was hit. This time Father Sprinkle was buried alive in the ruins of the chapel, and fellow priests were certain he must be dead. In fierce tropical heat, Father Peter Reilly, of Boston, and Father Francis Lynch, of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, dug at the brick until their fingers were raw and bleeding.

#### **Buried Two Hours**

**T**HE rescue took more than two hours. Two heavy ceiling beams pinned Father Sprinkle's chest and hips: but after his head and chest, battered and discolored, had been exposed, he received last rites calmly from Father Reilly. Bishop Frederick A. Donaghy, formerly of New Bedford, Massachusetts, another Maryknoller, returned to the mission to help in the last phase of the rescue.

When, at last, the beams' pressure was released, the priests tenderly lifted Father Sprinkle and, through streets littered with Chinese dead, bore him to the Memorial Hospital. Doctor Wallace, the American

**Ruins of the Maryknoll house at Swatow after its bombing experience**



physician in charge, examined Father Sprinkle. Finally he nodded to the brick-powdered missionaries. "Close call," he told them, "but he ought to be back on the job in a few months."

Reporting on the accident from Wuchow, Bishop Donaghy writes:

"Lacking X-ray facilities, the doctor is treating Father Sprinkle as though his pelvis is broken and his spine injured, while very hopeful that his injuries are not that serious. He is now on a liquid diet, and his teeth have been wired together to assist the healing of the three breaks in his jaw. His mind is as active as ever, and he is accepting his plight in an admirable manner.

"Although the mission is a total ruin, a surprising amount of brick and timber can be salvaged, and we hope to erect a chapel from the debris. Meanwhile Father Peter Reilly is carrying on the mission work from the undamaged convent."

(Captain Mortimer Marks, a pilot in the American Fourteenth Air Force in China, who is mentioned above, is home on leave. Captain Marks paid a visit to Maryknoll to give his personal thanks for the many kindnesses shown him by Maryknollers in China. Father Sprinkle once went to the rescue of Captain Marks when the latter made a crash landing. He also guided the flyer back to his base. When told of Father Sprinkle's accident, the pilot was shocked. "Father Sprinkle is a fearless and brave man," he said.)

Ironically, the first bomb that shook Father Sprinkle off his feet, almost seven years ago, was, in a manner of speaking, a gift from home. After the raiders left on that occasion, the priest picked up a shrapnel fragment and was startled to see on it the rusty legend, "Cleveland, Ohio." The fragment was a bit of American scrap.

Father Sprinkle is a native of Middletown, Ohio.



### SAFE IN PEIPING

"HAPPY AS A LARK. Just finished annual retreat. Mass tomorrow for Maryknoll. Tell Mother, 'Keep smiling.'"

With this brief message, Father William A. Kaschmitter informed Bishop Walsh, Superior General of Maryknoll, of his safety in Peiping, China, which is under Japanese control. For the past eight years, Father Kaschmitter has been English secretary of the Apostolic Delegation in Peiping and editor of the Lumen News Service. He is also secretary to the Chinese Synodal Commission.

Of the 492 Maryknollers in the Pacific war zones prior to Pearl Harbor, almost 350 are still in their fields.



In China the cook is queen of her kitchen

## A Family Affair

by BISHOP FRANCIS X. FORD

**T**HE CHINESE make meals the chief events of the day and enjoy them as occasions for family reunions. Even in the boarding house that I am at present running for the students of the various schools of the city, the kitchen is the focal point in the house. I doubt whether anywhere outside of China two score students ever rally in the kitchen twice a day to give active aid in cooking the food.

The cook's job appears to be starting the fire before the students return from school. Once they have returned, the boys take over in the kitchen — scrubbing pots, washing the rice, cutting up the vegetables, fanning the three firepots to intense

heat, and scooping up water from the large urns that hold several hundred gallons. But their main delight seems to be watching the pots come to a boil.

An American cook might be driven out of her wits by a score or more of hungry young men in her kitchen, and tempers might boil faster than the pots. But in China all are good-natured and fond of joking, and they keep their ears and tongues active while doing the chores. Although only half a dozen can eat at a time or find elbow room at the stoves, the rest seem to enjoy the waiting. The secret lies in not considering it as waiting, but as part of the meal.



The students form a semi-circle around the fire and warm their hands, while chatting over the news of the day. They step aside for the moment when a pot needs to be tended, and close in again automatically when the way is once more free. Chinese etiquette requires that meals be eaten in silence, so the time before and after eating is given over to conversation, and the actual eating is of very short duration.

Of course these students are living as they would were they at home, and similar scenes take place at every fireside throughout the length and breadth of China. At first glance, it seems a disorganized way of preparing meals, ill-suited to Western life; but a moment's thought shows it as not only primitive and natural, but rational and Christian as well.

Right through the Middle Ages, down to fairly modern times, the huge hearth was the center of family living, with little distinction between dining and kitchen room. Servants and masters ate at the same board and together. In the farming class the world over, there is even today that camaraderie at table that the snob-bishness of town life lacks.

#### **The Cook as Queen**

IF INTRODUCED into American life in the cities, the Chinese way might not only solve the "servant problem," but focus the entire household in saner relations. Incidentally, it might be an eye opener to many a good housewife, showing her how her husband and sons relish preparing the meals themselves. It might also change the gentlemen's attitude from chronic grumbling at the slowness of dinner, since it would give them an insight into the

Chinese men delight in watching the pot boil

drudgery of the kitchen when this involves isolation from the rest of the family. It would elevate the status of the cook to queen in her special realm, with subjects under her. Certainly it would lighten her burden in old-fashioned homes, where coal must be shoveled into a range. Although such a system would be hard on the dish towels and crockery, it would make the kitchen more comfortably messy and attractive to menfolk.

In short, making the hearth once more the rallying spot of the family would change the average house from a lodging place, with hasty meals, to a united home. The boys would learn economy and sociology more vividly than when these subjects are taught in school. It might even be claimed that the quality of the meals would change, even if not for the better at first. The best chefs the world over are said to be men.

### Cooking Vs. Eating

**B**UT the chief attraction of this mode of living is the sharing of enjoyment among all the household. There is no earthly reason why the preparing of food should be considered more burdensome than the

eating of it. Nor should marketing to procure the food be considered a dull chore. Most of the enjoyment of a flank of venison is in the hunting of the deer; the successful landing of a wily pickerel is more sport than the bone-picking contest afterwards; and any man would prefer splitting his own logs and feeding his own fire to lighting a gas range.

### Man the Provider

**M**AN is by nature the provider for the family, and he should be allowed to exercise his right. It is human nature to enjoy the fruit of one's own toil, and the disadvantage of imperfect results is offset by the personal touch of even clumsy efforts.

The curse of city life is its artificiality. Let a housewife resign herself to amateurish meddling, call in the boys of the family to knead the dough and pare the vegetables, gather the entire family in the kitchen to mix the batter and grease the pans, and the household will vote the supper one of the happiest they have enjoyed together. The Chinese have tried this way for centuries, and no other race enjoy meals more humanly than do these citizens of the Orient.



## YOUR PRAYERS, PLEASE!

**W**E HAVE received the following special requests for prayers. These intentions have been read out publicly in our Maryknoll chapel. May we ask you, too, to remember these needs of your fellow members of Maryknoll? Please feel free to submit your requests for our prayers and for those of all Maryknoll Members.

*Persons sick, 3,213*  
*Persons deceased, 2,655*

*Persons in the service, 1,185*  
*Other intentions, 9,675*



Maryknollers in Puno, Peru. Father Arthur Kiernan, front right, is Superior and author of the article below

## Maryknoller in the Andes

by ARTHUR C. KIERNAN

**H**IGH ABOVE ME, jagged Andean peaks reached into the black and threatening sky. Just ahead loomed an opening between the peaks. It was the mountain pass to which I had been climbing for what seemed endless and agonizing days. As my mule slowly picked its way along the treacherous trail, each motion of the beast left me gasping, since at an altitude of 15,000 feet the least exertion is fatiguing. We had hardly entered the pass when the dark clouds broke loose, and I was

engulfed in a blinding blizzard, the wind of which seared my face and removed all vision.

I had started out that morning from Macusani to go to Ayapata, thirty miles away. It is a village which had not seen a priest for a long time. To get to Ayapata, I followed the road which wound about snow-capped peaks, steadily climbing upwards. It was thus that, in the highest mountain pass, I found myself swallowed up in a sudden blizzard.

For a moment I thought that I was going to be lost in the swirling snow — but my mule, accustomed to the vagaries of Andean nature, steadily picked his way along the narrow road. The mule paths around these mountains are not for faint hearts, but if the mule is left to his own instincts, he shifts well for himself. Though at times half the mule seems to be out in the air over a precipice, he always recovers the road without mishap.

### **Mule Over the Mountain**

**A**FTER five hours with my face beaten raw and red by wind and snow, I dropped down to 11,000 feet, to see signs of vegetation — flowers, shrubs, and a few trees. When I came to what looked like the outskirts of my village, I heaved a sigh of relief. Then I found that I still had to climb over another mountain, into another river basin — to find that the town was just over the brow of another mountain, on the side of the third river valley.

By that time it didn't make much difference whether it was one mile or thirty miles more: I was just numb! When I got to the village of Ayapata and turned into the yard of one of the small houses, I had to fall off the mule. But the darkness of night had come, and I did not lose too much dignity.

I was immediately asked to visit a young lad who was dying in the house before which I had stopped. I anointed him. My host then showed me my room for the night, a storeroom with corn, potatoes, and farm implements filling its space. I learned next morning that the young man died during the night.

In the brilliant morning sunlight, I took

my first good look at Ayapata, a pathetic little village with mountain water running in channels down its three streets. In the afternoon I went to the house where they had put the corpse of the young man. I waited to recite the prayers of the ritual, until they had placed the body in the poor casket made from wood salvaged from crates and boxes. In a sudden downpour of rain, we marched to the church and at the entrance I recited more prayers, since the law forbids bringing the body inside the church.

At the cemetery we found the grave rapidly filling with water. Because people



**Both travel and back-country in Peru are primitive and difficult**



have been buried in the same place for centuries, the turned-up dirt disclosed three skulls and a neat pile of assorted bones. It seems that, in this section of Puno, mummification takes place instead of absolute decay. The whole village was present, and all asked for individual prayers over their family graves.

I left the village next morning. Five women met me on the outskirts and gave me a lunch to take along, inviting me to return soon. At the pass I ran into a mixture of rain and sleet, but it cleared when we reached the plain of Macusani. There I met Bishop Huerta, and together we went on, visiting Cuyucuyo, Sandia and Crucero.

This last village is my favorite. Set in a huge plain, 14,000 feet above sea level, it has not a tree or shrub — just sun, wind, and cold. But what is lacking in nature, is compensated by the warmth of the people's hearts. We were there only a day and

a half, but were kept working from six in the morning until eleven at night. We were more enthusiastically received in this village of 300 people than we were anywhere else in the province.

My trip about the Puno territory gave me a good insight into what our missionaries must face as they travel to the various mission stations. No one can appreciate it unless he covers the ground himself. In addition to the almost impossible terrain, the high altitudes of the region make any exertion fatiguing. A traveller without a sturdy constitution will easily fall prey to mountain sickness.

Now I am back in Puno again. Home looks good after one has traveled for twenty-five days about the diocese. I am a little on the thin side because of the poor diet, but nevertheless happy because I have been able to see the territory at first hand. There is a great deal to be done, and we must find many more priests to help us.

## CHILDREN'S HOUR

The future of the Church in Latin America depends upon its own clergy. At present there are far too few priests for the needs of South and Central America. Father Robert E. Lee, of Brooklyn, shares the view of the many young Maryknollers now working in the lands of our neighbors to the south. By education and association they hope that many of the boys of these countries will be inspired to study for the priesthood. It will be upon their shoulders that the burdens of tomorrow will fall.



## MEN OF MARYKNOLL



**In the soup**—If you have ever taken a flop into a pool of soft, brown, oozy mud, you will know exactly the feelings and sentiments experienced, on a recent occasion by the present writer.

This happened during a short trip I made to Yungyun to visit Father Reilly. A stone's throw from the town, my bicycle took a sharp turn, and yours truly took a graceful swan dive into a nice, muddy, rice field.

I came up done brown, and walked into the town with the populace at my heels and their laughter in my ears. Now I can sympathize with a tarred-and-feathered criminal.

— *Father Cyril V. Hirst,*  
*of Philadelphia,*  
*now in Topong, China*

**The "Madrecitas" are here!**—After their long journey from the New York Maryknoll, Sister Magdalen Mary and Sister Mary Kateri were welcomed at the Riberalta airport by four Maryknoll Padres, a delegation of the Sacred Heart Sodality, and innumerable children. Everyone wanted to have a few words with the *Madrecitas*. The sodalists had prepared a banquet for about twenty-five persons. Gifts of flowers and fruit came pouring in.

Some days have passed since the Sisters' arrival, but the convent is still a center of attraction. Visitors do not come out of mere curiosity; they manifest a real friendliness that delights the Sisters. Riberalta's people have already made the *Madrecitas* their own. Among the Sisters' most ardent admirers are droves of *senoritas*, who wonder how they themselves would look in habits and veils.

— *Father John B. Gallagher,*  
*of Oakland, Calif.,*  
*now in Bolivia*

**Telling argument**—It was time to go to bed, but the twenty-six mountain villagers showed no signs of departing. In despair I got up, unrolled my camp cot, hung the mosquito net, lifted a side of the net, and crawled in. The men delightedly discussed every item of my sleeping equipment and clothing. Then all but two left me to my slumbers. Those two took down the room door, laid it on sawhorses, and used it as their bed.

I remember once visiting in a village where there were not enough room doors for the guests. It was suggested that the house door be taken down to be used as a bed. The host objected that he had already lost two wives to bandits, that way. He was poor, he added, and did not wish to lose his present wife, as he couldn't afford a fourth matrimonial venture. A very telling argument!

— *Father William P. Mulcahy,*  
*of Framingham, Mass.,*  
*now in Jungyun, China*

**A happy lot**—The Indians of Peru are a happy lot. Hardship and adversity fail to dull their good humor. Even in the most difficult circumstances, they laugh and joke gaily.

The devotion of these poor people impresses me strongly. I have watched them straining under the weight of a heavy statue of Our Blessed Mother during a *fiesta* procession, while the spectators knelt in the streets and groups danced tirelessly about the statue for hours. It seems to me that these Indians have a faith in some ways deeper and more beautiful than that of many a better-educated Catholic.

— *Father Donald C. Cleary,*  
*of Newark, N. J.,*  
*now in Puno, Peru*

## Friends in the Service

**C**ORPORAL FRANK J. BECKA, of Cleveland, Ohio, and the 112th Cavalry division, stationed in New Guinea, has a twin brother, Fred, in Maryknoll Seminary. Recently Corporal Frank wrote to Seminarian Fred, and the letter is so good, that we pass part along.

"To give you an idea of how some of the boys are looking at this war," he writes,



"here is a little story. Being attached to the supply division I accompany trucks into the interior. You know what the proverbial truck driver is like, rough, tough, and hard-boiled. I was riding into the jungle with one of them the other day when he turned to me and remarked that I should have come up to their tent last night as they had community singing.

" 'Did you dust off the old ones?' I asked.

" 'No,' he replied. 'We were singing hymns; and when we got tired of singing, Peter Payne read a few passages from the Bible.'

" 'There you have it! I wouldn't doubt that some of these fellows haven't been to church in ages; but out here where there is no chaplain in residence, we still feel that God is very much present, and even the most calloused of us feel that we must call on Him, to let Him know that we are here and that we want Him with us.'"

**IT'S NOT ONLY THE BOYS** who are seeing the world, some of the girls are getting around, too. For instance, Miss Jerry Lennox, of Freeport, Long Island, turned up at the Maryknoll mission in Chungking with the Red Cross. Miss Pat Moore, of New York City, is an old friend of Maryknoll. She, too, joined the Red Cross, and her latest letter bears a postmark from India.

"We are terribly busy here," Pat writes. "The weather is cool now that the mon-

●  
**Corporal Frank Becka found truck drivers singing hymns**

soons are over and if it were not for the bugs and snakes lurking about, I should be at peace. The country is beautiful in many ways, yet it is sickening when you see the disease and squalor that exist. I never needed a bill of sale to be with you 100% in your work, but I wish the people at home could see what I have seen. No one can make you believe that such conditions are possible until you have seen them with your own eyes.

"Before I am through here, I expect to see that part of the world which is your special 'baby' — China. Then think of what a public relations job I can do for you! We are 'canteening' in a big way, as that seems to be what the boys want most. There aren't enough girls to give dances or anything of that sort, so we pass out doughnuts and coffee, and play bingo, badminton, bridge, and checkers until far into the night. Breathe a quick Hail Mary for me every now and then. We are able to get to Mass only now and then as there is no regular priest in this section."

ONE OF THE MOST beautiful tributes our missionaries have received comes in a letter from Staff Sergeant Kenneth L. Kruger, now stationed in North Africa. Ken, a recent convert, met two of our missionaries en route to Bolivia. Writing recently to a friend, he said:

"I often think of the breakfast I had with Father Collins and Father Fritz. My life seems so futile, my worth so small, when I think how much they give to others. Their smallest success will be greater than any I shall turn out. If I could but pass on to others some of the rays of light they radiate, rays of love, charity, hope, peace, and happiness. All such accomplishment we let slip through our hands, while we grasp for the cheap tinsel things of life."



**Red Cross work took Miss Pat Moore to India**

SOME MONTHS AGO we told you of the exploits of Lieutenant Frank E. Hayes of Yonkers, New York, who flew Commandos into Sicily. A postscript just reaches us. Frank met a young army nurse from Boston in North Africa. Later both of them were transferred to England where in due time they became engaged. Then the path of war separated them. Just before Christmas, Frank flew a group of wounded into Jerusalem. There waiting to meet the plane was the nurse from Boston. They were married a few days later by the Archbishop of Jerusalem.



Before the war, a vigorous public health service was building a new and strong India

## Famine in India

by EDWARD NUGENT

**W**HILE INNUMERABLE plans to insure the "Four Freedoms" for the post-war world were being considered, a major catastrophe overtook millions of human beings. This particular disaster did not occur in Axis-dominated regions.

Over a stretch of months, "Freedom from Want" and "Freedom from Fear" did not exist for the starving population of Bengal, India. Observers who toured the famine districts estimated that 50,000 were dying weekly.

India's supply of quinine from the

Netherlands East Indies has been cut off by the Japanese conquest, and malaria raged almost unchecked. Cholera, smallpox, dysentery, and dropsy added their horror to the malaria epidemic.

In the, Dacca region of East Bengal, where American Holy Cross missionaries and Medical Missionary Sisters are at work, whole villages were wiped out by starvation. The priests and Sisters assisted the Government as collectors and distributors of rice.

Bands of living skeletons ranged hope-

lessly over the countryside in search of food. Some had agonized for six months on a diet of cattle fodder, foliage, and water hyacinths. Children had enormous hands, with sunken, lifeless eyes. Their brown skin was drawn tautly over protruding bones.

Lack of adequate relief agencies in the country districts drove the farming peasants into the towns. In Calcutta, second largest city of the British Empire, there were at the peak of the famine as many as 150,000 homeless dying in the streets.

### **Burning Ghats**

**C**AMPS and hospitals for the destitute proved wholly inadequate. Cemetery authorities could not handle quickly enough the bodies of starved Moslems, and the burning ghats overflowed with dead Hindus.

Blame for this epic catastrophe was violently bandied back and forth. The truth is, if we really believe all men are brothers, we all share a measure of the blame.

Immediate contributing causes to the disaster were: the Japanese conquest of the rich Burma rice fields, on which Bengal drew in prewar years; the havoc caused by the 1942 autumn cyclone in Bengal rice areas; and the failure of both the Bengal Government and the Government of India to realize the seriousness of the situation until it was too late.

But even without the war and a series of

natural catastrophes added to administrative blundering, Bengal was ripe for tragedy. It has a tremendous population problem. During the past decade, the population increase was 10,000,000. Bengal has 779 persons per square mile, as compared to 44.2 in the United States. During the same decade no new land was brought under cultivation, nor were agricultural methods appreciably improved.

The gaunt spectre of famine is not a new figure to India. The principal attention of the populace goes to food. Hunger is the greatest source of anxiety for the majority of Indians. Some fifty million persons suffered from famine in 1896-97; fifty-five million suffered in 1899-1900; thirty million in 1907-08. Yet despite these repeated warnings, the present famine found the government totally unprepared for a major catastrophe.

### **World Solidarity**

**A** GLEAM of light in this stark tragedy was the willingness of the Allied leaders to accept responsibility and the determined and efficient measures taken to alleviate the mortal distress.

Thousands of our valiant young have laid down their lives to bring about that one world which is the shining goal of future piping days of peace. If that hope is ever to become a reality, the fire of charity must cleanse human hearts of the age-old selfish query: "Am I my brother's keeper?"



**T**HE surest and most satisfactory method of forwarding money to the Maryknoll missions is through our central headquarters. Checks or money orders should be made out to the

MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL, N. Y.

# "We Keep Busy and Happy"

## The Magnet of Charity

**P**ROSPECTS look good in this new mission. A group who are studying the doctrine appear to be very much in earnest.

I have been asked how I got these converts, and I am at a loss to explain. While we were able to keep the dispensary open, the charity manifested there must have impressed itself on these people. Certainly I never had much opportunity to talk with them about religion.

While I was out walking on several occasions, various members of the group approached me and asked if they could come to worship God. Some of the older folk do not learn as fast as the young people, so I may delay the baptisms a while to include the oldsters.

— *Father Arthur Weber,  
of Cuba City, Wis.,  
now in Yeungkok Hui, China*

## No Time to Worry

On the whole, the priests of the Kweilin mission field are well, and the work is progressing. We are out of canned goods, but we get along quite well on local foods. Everything is very expensive, but we manage.

We have opened a new mission in Patpo. A convent of native Sisters has been es-

tablished at Chuanchow. We have thirty novices in our Laipo convent, and more postulants are entering this year. Seven of the native Sisters have been professed. Laipo had over a hundred converts during the past year.

Do not worry about us. We are all in good physical condition. Each mission is making converts, so we keep busy and happy.

— *Father Joseph W. Regan  
of Fairhaven, Mass.,  
now in Laipo, China*



**Father Arthur Weber  
of Cuba City, Wis.**

## Mud-and-bamboo Chapel

It has been a privilege to have Father Thomas Ryan, an Irish Jesuit from Hong Kong, with us in Kweilin. He is a man who never wastes a minute. Already he is a member of

eight prominent committees in the city. Though he speaks very little Chinese, he has personally instructed and baptized twenty adult converts, while another score are beginning to study the doctrine. Most of these are young people employed in banks and city offices.

Competition has been keen in Kweilin since the war boom, so the people cannot afford to be absent from their daily work. We purchased a little mud-and-bamboo hut, in which we are holding our doctrine classes at night. We call the hut St. Mary's - of - the - Bamboo - without - the - Walls. St. Mary's, together with Father



Greene's mission at the West Gate, brought us one hundred and eighty converts.

— *Father Edwin J. McCabe,  
of Providence, R. I.,  
now in Kweilin, China*

### **A Farming Missioner**

I have been following a peaceful way of life here at Wanfau, seldom going abroad since my last trip to Hong Kong, in the autumn of 1938. In these days all roads lead to the neighboring Province. I used to travel into Kwangsi Province for confession, but now I have a curate and I go to him.

I did have the pleasure, during those years, of preaching two retreats in Chinese. On one occasion I journeyed to the Tanchuk seminary, and the other retreat was for the Wuchow Vicariate catechists.

The Wanfau mission experiment in agriculture has proved a great help in the recent economic distress, and has made it possible for us to provide for our catechists, teachers, servants, and their wives and children.

Among other ventures, we have grown quite a bit of corn. The Government is encouraging the cultivation of this crop. Our dairy, orchard, beehives, and garden plot have given us a lot of fun. All in all, look at it as you will, the "miniature farm" has been a success.

— *Father Constantine F. Burns,  
of Toledo, Ohio,  
now in Wanfau, China*

### **Prices Skyrocket**

Siaoloc is as usual very quiet, especially, after our experiences in Hong Kong.

In Kaying conditions are worse. The rice crop, as a result of the drought, is poor, and the people are starving. Every day Bishop Ford sees living skeletons waiting outside the door of the mission kitchen, beggars almost too weak to gather up the few scraps the cook can give them. It is a sorrow to the Bishop not to have sufficient rice for these sufferers.

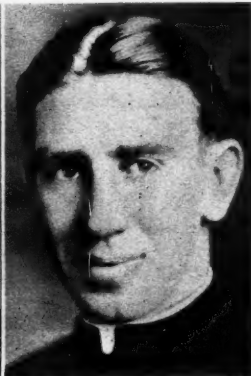
— *Father William J. Downs,  
of Erie, Pa.,  
now in Siaoloc, China*



**Father Downs**



**Father McCabe**



**Father Regan**



Catholic American boys see mission lands first hand

# Cooperation

by JAMES F. SMITH

**I**T WORKS both ways. Sometimes it is the missioner helping the American soldiers, sometimes it is the other way around.

The other day Lt. Earl Helms of the Fourteenth Airforce in China flew off to do battle over the city of Hongkong. During the ensuing fight Lt. Helms shot down a Zero but had his own compass smashed by a bullet.

Separated during the fight from the rest of his squadron, he was unable to find his way home. Finally his gas was exhausted and he was forced down in a field in the center of three Catholic villages. He was brought to the Maryknoll Mission about twenty minutes away by truck where he could receive any medical attention he might need.

Here he was greeted by two Massachusetts men, Father Francis Keelan of Belmont and Father Joseph Cosgrove of West Newton. Found to be uninjured, a banquet was prepared by the town officials in his honor. After this the pilot returned to the mission to spend the night. Next morning in a borrowed truck, he left to get his plane. That evening a messenger returned to the mission to tell the priests that the pilot was again stranded. This time the truck had broken down.

Early the next day Father Keelan borrowed a jeep from a Chinese army base nearby and set out for the pilot. He found Lt. Helms sleepy-eyed from a restless night spent amid the unfamiliar smells and noises of a Chinese farmhouse. While mechanics made repairs on the plane, Father Keelan took the pilot back to the

mission. The whole village turned out to give the pilot his second welcome.

The soldiers appreciate the help given them by the missioners and are anxious to repay them whenever possible. Recently such an opportunity came to Major Lockwood, post commander in Kweilin.

A Columban Father arrived in Kweilin in a serious condition. He had suffered a fall from his horse and had injured his back so severely that the local doctors could do nothing for him. India, they declared, was his only hope. If he could get there he might be cured, if not he was a cripple for life.

## Airmail Ambulance

**T**HE PROBLEM was not an easy one. With the Burma Road closed there is not an overland route to India, and even if there was, his back could never stand the long journey. Application to the commercial airlines was useless since they were booked for three months in advance and could give priority only to military personnel. Finally as a last resort, one of the Maryknollers brought the matter to the attention of Major Lockwood.

The Major immediately saw the seriousness of the situation and began at once to put into operation those mysterious wheels that cut through red tape and ironclad regulations. The injured priest is now in India receiving the best care in one of that country's most modern hospitals. Doctors assure him that he will be able to resume his missionary work when the cast is removed from his back.



## The Things Undone

by JAMES G. KELLER

**A**S HE LAY DYING in a foxhole in New Guinea, Captain Herschel G. Horton, a young Army officer and former student of Notre Dame, wrote a most unusual farewell letter to his mother and father. The letter reveals the terrible suffering he went through just before he died. Captain Horton told of a fellow soldier who was shot while trying to help him. Then he continued:

"Life from then on was a terrible nightmare. The hot burning sun, the delirious nights! No one came near me from then on, but I did dig a water hole in four days' time, which was wonderful to me, although it was polluted by all the rotting bodies within 12 or 14 feet of me.

"Two or three rescue parties from my company came out, but they never could find me. On two or three occasions, they nearly got to me, when the Japs or a rain-storm made it impossible. The Japs are living within 15 yards of me. I see them every day. I have tried to make splints and crawl or walk out, but I just can't make it."

Towards the end of his letter he revealed his extraordinary confidence in God: "I still have faith in the Lord. I think He must be giving me the extreme test. I know how Christ felt on the cross."

Then in the midst of all this suffering, he expressed this fervent plea: "Why not let me live and tell others?" In his dying moments he was not thinking of himself only. He yearned for the opportunity to

share with others the blessing of faith that God had given him, and pitifully added: "I am so young and have so many things undone—that a man of twenty-nine should do."

Finally he closed his letter on this cheery, thoughtful note: "God bless you, my loved ones. Keep the faith. Don't worry. I shall see you all again some day. I am prepared to meet my Maker. Love."

Captain Horton is dead. His challenge is alive and vibrant. The youth of America must answer it, if his sacrifice is not to be in vain. From the fetid jungles of New Guinea, from the foxholes of Bataan, from the blood-stained sand of Tarawa, the challenge swells in increasing roar:

"Youth of America! Let us to the task, to the people of the world, to the job before us. Let us take up the banner of Christ, carry it to every corner of the earth, instruct the ignorant, succor the sick, shelter the homeless, comfort the dying, raise up the downcast, bring Christian life, and give peace for future generations. Although we are the dead, our spirit will be with you. It was in this cause that we died. Yours is the task to finish our work."

\* \* \*

*Have you ever thought of yourself as an American ambassador of Christ to China? You have the answer. Please let us hear from you, if you are interested in being an apostle in fields afar.*

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,  
MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK

Please send me information about becoming a Maryknoll missionary.

My name . . . . .

My address . . . . .

## Three Minute Meditation

*"And every one that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall possess life everlasting." — Matthew XIX:29.*

The work of the missionary is off the beaten path, unsung, unheralded. This is as it should be. The true missionary is not interested in the honor and glory of this life. He has only one objective: to spend and be spent for the glory of God, to bring Christ into as many lives as possible, so that they will have a fair share of peace and happiness in this world and a fullness of them in the life to come. His joy is in giving joy to others. For this the missionary lives and dies.

In compensation, the missionary has a guarantee of extraordinary reward from his Master, who has promised him a hundredfold return for all eternity. Imagine that — 100 to 1! No one in all history has ever offered better odds. He promised even more: "peace in this life."

What "peace in this life" the missionary has! His is the thrill of a pioneer, breaking the ground, building brick upon brick, and finally unveiling the monument for the peace of the world of today and tomorrow. His life is filled with peace and joy. Never a dull moment for him! It's a constant thrill to know that, through his little efforts, so much happiness can be brought into the lives of others — that people can be made happy for all eternity.

*Three-Minute Meditation: read a minute, reflect another minute, and pray the third minute.*

# MARYKNOLL

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA



## America Answers A Call

**A**MERICA became mission-minded so quickly as to make us wonder if it was ever anything else. Mission vocations have sprung from almost every corner of the forty-eight States in one generation. An ever-growing volume of prayers and resources followed in their train. This country is unique in passing in one quick bound from its preoccupation with mission struggles at home to a campaign of mission triumphs abroad. Not that its domestic mission problems are a thing of the past, for they still press on every side. But its mission attitude is one of conquering and extending on a front that knows no local bounds. It does not do less or poorer home-mission work because it also engages in foreign-mission work; it does more and better. Both increase in a rising tide. Mission-mindedness understands the universality of the redemption of Christ. It is in the heart, not in the place. And it was always in the heart of America, throughout its growth from a series of mission outposts to the strong citadel of faith we know today.

If this record is an authentic one, there is something unique about it. In most countries the history of mission spirit seems to have run in a cycle of deviation. The first phase is one of intense activity on the part of a pioneering missionary clergy. At this stage the people themselves, even though in the process of being reclaimed from paganism, become infected with the apostolic spirit of their leaders, and the period is one replete with missionary zeal. The second phase begins when the locality is sufficiently developed to adopt the settled regime of an established Church. Then came relief, relaxation, complacency, over-optimism, and the tendency to be satisfied with comfortable routine. This is the danger point, for it is only a step from routine to stagnation; and when the step is made, the apostolic spirit is lost.

If America skipped the intermediate stage of resting on its oars,



the clergy are largely responsible for the unusual feat, and it would mean that they never lost the mission spirit with which their pioneering brothers began.

Maryknoll has benefited by this situation. Under other skies it could have faced a long struggle for recognition and acceptance, could have passed weary years devoid of any active encouragement or solid support. It was spared such a period. Never was any mission venture more readily welcomed or more cheerfully supported by priests and people. It met a rosier dawn than customary. It grew in a soil prepared. And the same is measurably true of all the other American groups and organizations that are launching into mission work in our day.

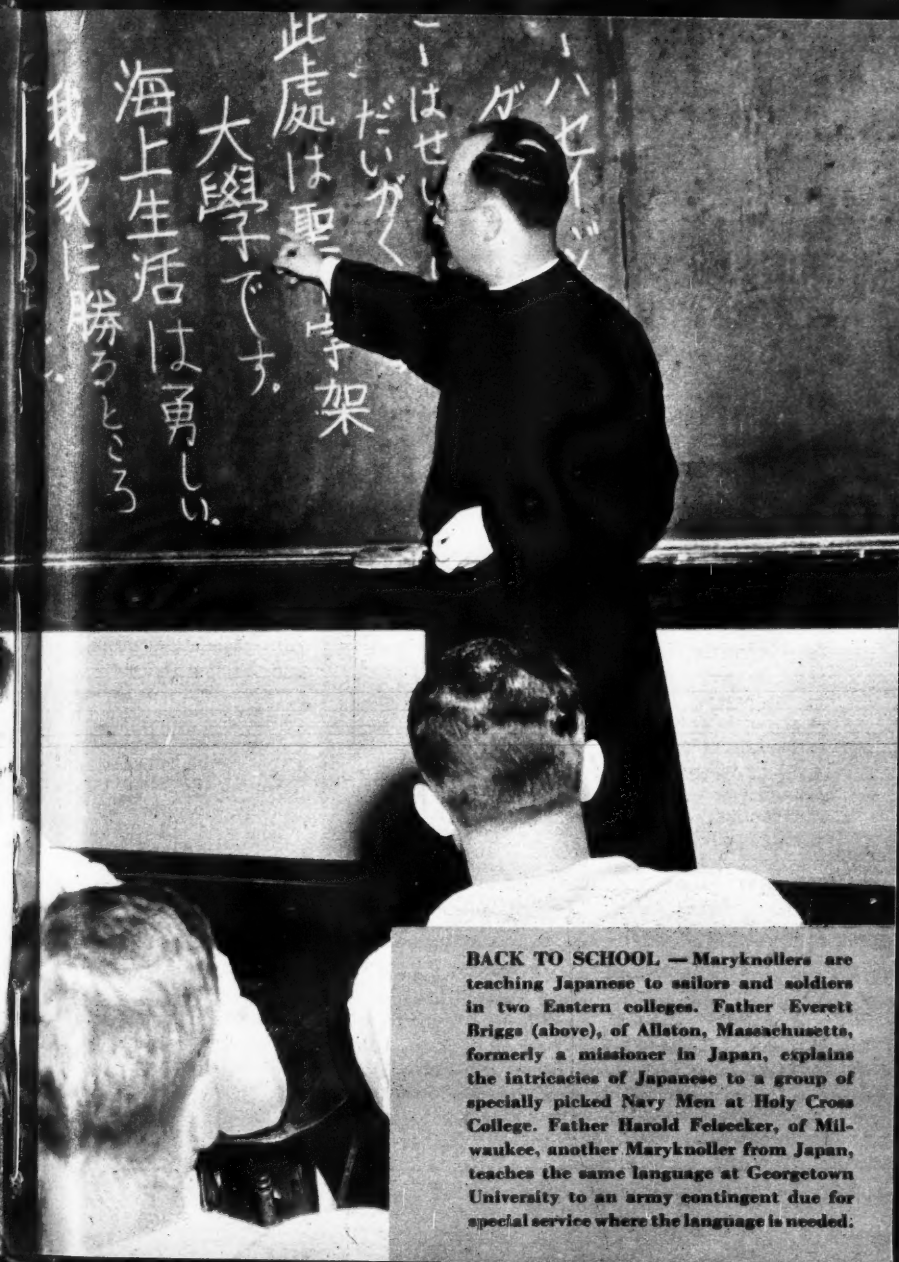
**T**HERE was a reason for all this, and it is because the age we live in could stand in sore need of the mission contribution to global life. The missions are old, but they are being newly discovered in our lifetime. We have just seen the end of a period when we were told that the world was catching up with the scientists, and we seem now to be entering upon a period when the world is catching up with the missions. The scientists outstripped us in their own way — and we honor them for it — but we have not seen the dawn of world progress that their discoveries were to usher in. Instead, we have seen the night of world misery that bids fair to usher many of us out. The scientists did their part, but it was only a part. They solved all the problems except the only important one, and that grave omission left world progress in the realm of nowhere.

We cannot call by the name of progress that present acute tragedy of the entire human race. And if there lives any person anywhere in the world who does not deeply deplore that tragedy, then he represents another tragedy of blindness and insensibility in himself. Men and women are suffering, starving, dying all over the earth. We did not have the key to progress. The missions had it. And the missions did not have to come back to the new-found recipe, because they never left it. The truth of Christ is the way to salvation — not economics and machines. For nineteen hundred years, the missions have been repeating that formula to the world. And it has taken the miseries of nineteen hundred years — and the final complete bludgeoning of total war — to dispose the world to listen to it.

For this opportunity born of such pain and travail so long awaited and so deeply desired, God has taken care to prepare His Church for an unprecedented mission effort. And one item of His preparation was to make — or to keep, as we think — America mission-minded.







**BACK TO SCHOOL** — Maryknollers are teaching Japanese to sailors and soldiers in two Eastern colleges. Father Everett Briggs (above), of Allston, Massachusetts, formerly a missionary in Japan, explains the intricacies of Japanese to a group of specially picked Navy Men at Holy Cross College. Father Harold Felsecker, of Milwaukee, another Maryknoller from Japan, teaches the same language at Georgetown University to an army contingent due for special service where the language is needed.

# In the Wilderness

by AMBROSE GRAHAM

**F**ATHER FRITZ and I are responsible for the temporal and spiritual welfare of the Indians at Cavinass. Recently we were alarmed by news that there was a serious shortage of cloth, thread, soap, salt, flour, powder and shot for their muzzle loaders. While the Indians bemoaned their misfortune and did nothing to better the situation, I decided to go to Riberalta for supplies. No one knew the way, but I finally learned that Antonio Irili, who lives a day's ride from the mission, had made the trip years before. His house was about four miles off the trail I was following on the first leg of my journey.

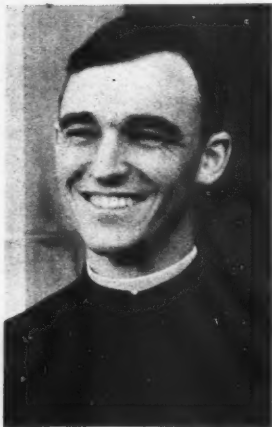
I set out at two o'clock on a Sunday morning, traveling along in a fairy paradise. The morning breeze was cool and refreshing. The vast stretch of the pampas was bathed in mellow moonlight. Soon after daybreak a thick layer of dark clouds began to gather. Torrents of rain followed, and continued all day. My horse tired from hard riding so I broke into the jungle and in half an hour had a palm-leaf lean-to, a bed, a fire, and a meal of dried beef and yucca flour. Before sunrise I went to examine my horse. He was gone! I had used rawhide to tie him to a

tree, but the rain weakened the leather and my horse broke loose. All that day I followed his trail, until I found him looking for water in a remote part of the pampas. I led him back to the mission.

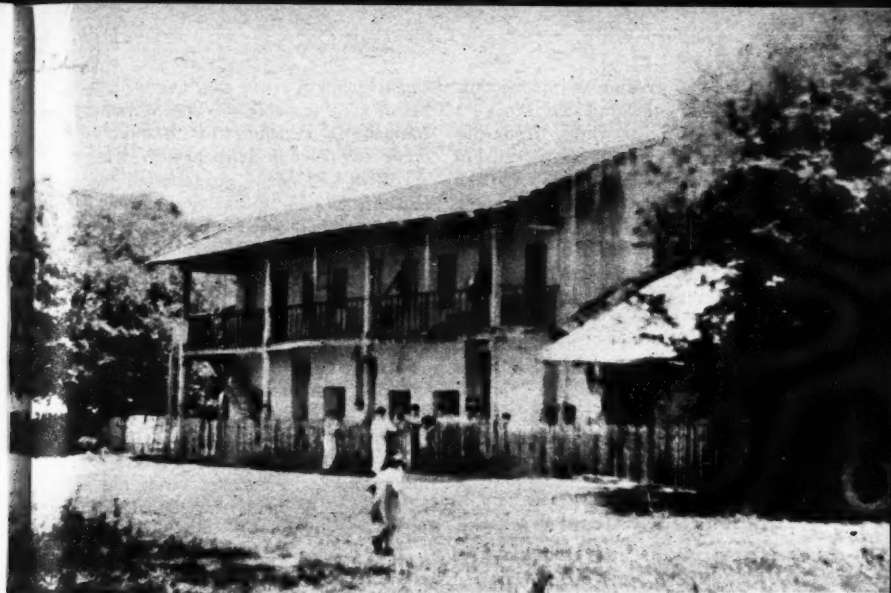
The following Saturday morning, I started anew with an Indian to accompany me part way. This time we reached Antonio's house without difficulty. The man welcomed me and immediately drew a map to show the way to the Viata River. I asked for definite landmarks to guide me. He scratched his head and said, "This map is no good!" He drew another, changing my direction from northeast to northwest. Quite a difference! We set out again. Late that night we were still floundering around the pampas, looking for the trail about four miles from the man's house. Disgustedly we camped for the night.

All day Sunday we scoured the pampas, from one end to the other. To return to the man would be a breach of pampas etiquette, as he told us we could not miss the way. Late in the afternoon we stumbled across the trail and found water, so we decided to halt for the night.

We were on the road as the first signs



Father Ambrose Graham  
of New York City



**Priest's house at Mission Cavinass. Father Graham left here for his jungle trip**

of light gradually stole into the eastern sky. The rain which had started during the night accompanied us all morning. However, we were happy because we were finally on a decent trail. At about midday we crossed the path that leads to the Viata River. I said good-by to the Indian and continued on my own.

The road wound through dense jungle. In this stretch I ran across three small groups of rubber pickers. Fallen trees, unruly tropical vines, and dense undergrowth made progress slow, so I climbed off my horse, took out my machete, and began hacking my own trail. My compass was useful. Suddenly darkness set in. Wielding my machete and using my flashlight sparingly, I finally reached the bank of the Viata. On the other side was a lonely-looking shack. I shouted, and two

children came across in a canoe. The river was perfect for swimming, the water swift and clear. However, the little "man-eating fish" are always ready for business, so I used the canoe and later ferried the horse across.

### **May Has Thirty Days**

**T**HE man was surprised to find a Padre in this wilderness. During the chat with his family, I managed to get some doctrine into the conversation, and they were pleased. These people, by the way, did not know the month; moreover, they dogmatically told me that there were thirty days in May. After a while I began to wonder if I, too, were getting a bit queer from my solitary jungle life. I left in the morning, after promising that this home will be covered by the Padres as

soon as we get working in this section.

The next day the trail cut through a vast stretch of jungle where, to my displeasure, we entered a flood section. For miles my horse plowed along through deep, muddy water. Suddenly I found myself in the water; the horse had stepped into a deep pit. I swam, directing the horse to a shallower place. We were both wet, but continued on. Then the horse fell again. This was a bad fall. I quickly examined his hind leg and to my relief found that it was still intact. The horse was now afraid. It was growing dark, and he seemed to make up his mind that we had enough water for the day. I tried to coax him; I tried to drag him. He refused to respond.

#### **Unwanted Company**

I FOUND a perfect little island not far from the road and persuaded my horse to share the spot for the night. There was no worry about prowlers, as we were on a

small island. A horse will nearly always betray the presence of any unwanted company. If a visitor tried to approach, either the horse or I would hear a faint splash in the jungle quiet. Small birds and insects keep up a high-pitched conversation, but strangely it does not interfere with the silence of the jungle. As long as they keep sending out their signals, all is well; when they suddenly stop, it is time to get the fire into a blaze and keep a rifle in your hands.

The next leg of the journey was very difficult. The road was 'gutted' by fast streams, with banks which fell straight down for six feet to ten feet. To get my horse across, I resorted to a ruse. I fed him some corn, gradually getting him to the edge of the bank. Then I tied a long rope around his neck, swam across the stream, looped the rope around a tree trunk, and swam back with the end of the rope. Going behind the horse, I suddenly pushed him over the bank. When

**Bishop Escalante and Father Graham pose before the Cavinias Church with their Christians**



he landed in the water, I pulled the rope and guided him to the opposite shore. Then I crossed, dressed, and saddled the horse. All day long I traveled through the jungle, and at nightfall came out on the pampas, glad to have finished that stretch, since I had to push my horse over the cliffs three times. Some road!

After getting a good sleep on the pampas floor under the stars, I started out on the next lap. At nine o'clock the heavens clouded up. This was bad, since the sun was my watch and compass. A magnetic compass is not reliable on the pampas because there is a low grade of iron deposit in the ground which causes variations in compass reading. There was no trail across this stretch of pampas, and after a while I realized that I was traveling in large circles. Late in the afternoon, I found two men camping. They were surprised to learn that I was a priest, and praised me as only Spaniards can.

I left them and picked up the trail again. Later I saw a few big snakes, which fortunately my horse did not see. I entered another jungle. Darkness descended, and I had difficulty with the trail as there were more than two hundred fallen trees obstructing the road on a stretch of about seven miles. I was just ready to light a

torch of crude rubber, which I always carry for starting fire with wet wood, when I saw smoke in a clearing. Here was another little settlement of a few rubber pickers, so I spent the night with them. I talked to the group of fifteen people, and then set my blanket on the floor of a lean-to and slept.

### In A Hole

SUNDAY morning I continued on my way through the jungle. The people said the road was good, but it proved to be a swamp. On three occasions I met steep-banked streams. I used my horse trick to good advantage, but once fell into a hole while carrying my saddle and bag across the stream, thus getting an unwanted bath. To prove that it is a small world, I met Father Danehy, another Maryknoller, out in the woods. He had celebrated Mass in Ivon that morning and was going to visit some scattered rubber pickers. He turned around and went to Ivon with me, where we slept the night. As I entered the frontier town of Riberalta next morning, it looked like New York. It still had its grass-thatched hovels, muddy streets, and wandering cattle; but after my eight days in the wilderness, it looked very good, very good, indeed!

### The Quest of the Wooden Leg

Many and varied are the requests that arrive at Maryknoll from our missionaries. Father Gerard Grondin, of Westbrook, Maine, and Cobija, Bolivia, sends along an appeal that goes into our Department of the Most Unusual.

It seems that one of the local cowboys tried to tame a bull for work. The bull, no relation to Ferdinand, turned on his would-be trainer to give him a pretty severe mauling. The lad managed to survive the ordeal but had to have his leg amputated.

An artificial leg was ordered from the Bolivian capital but upon arrival, it turned out to be an affair of porcelain and wax. "Something to look at, rather than wear," says Father Grondin. Now Maryknoll has received the request. Although we are totally inexperienced along these lines, we expect a successful culmination of our search, even though it is done under a certain amount of pressure. As Father Grondin sternly reminds us: "Haste is imperative. The poor fellow is on his last leg."



Students at Venard College who produced and acted in *Journey's End* make a public bow

## Knoll Notes

**I**T PAYS TO be prepared. In conversation with a Burma Road transport pilot, Captain Foster (brother of a philosophy student at Maryknoll), Bishop Walsh, our Superior General, happened to mention that he had flown across the Pacific. With a grin the young flyer slipped an autographed dollar bill out of his pocket, his certificate of membership in the "Short Snorters," the association of those who have flown either the Atlantic or

Pacific oceans. Members who are not carrying a dollar bill autographed by fellow passengers must forfeit a dollar to each "Short Snorter" who challenges him. The Bishop was caught empty-handed. He surrendered his forfeit. . . . A communique from the farm front announces that a detachment of students under the command of Brother Kevin has successfully fired the old piggery. Witnesses state that the flames leaped at least fifteen feet high



in the air, and the old sty is now a blackened ruin. Weeks before the job of dragging unwilling occupants to their new cement home had been completed. . . . Advertising did it! Over vitamin-conscious Charles Brown, a theologian from New York City, mistakenly gobbled down a couple of saccharin tablets at table recently. . . . And then Infirmarian John Curran, of Butte, Montana, watching the mercury roll down the drain learned that thermometers are not to be purified in boiling water. . . . According to the new schedule, recreation is now the hour after dinner. However, full stomachs have not slowed the seminarians' steps as a rapid survey of a typical period will prove. In the small patch of ground behind the Brothers' house, miniature soccer, one-basket basketball, badminton, and horse-shoes rival one another for attention. Not

too far away, some of the stalwarts bend a mean bow on an improvised archery range. Football and softball hold forth nearer to the Seminary, while in the hollow to the West handball devotees try to hit the court's few still-standing boards. Meanwhile, tennis courts are in the process of being constructed. . . . "What's cooking?" someone asked the Chef, with suicidal humor, amid the gush of exploding cider jugs.

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**G**OOD health, reasonable talents, a virtuous life, a willingness to make sacrifices, and a strong attraction to mission life—these are clear indications of a foreign mission vocation.

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**The advent of spring means the start of new work projects**



# Description of a Missioner

by BISHOP JAMES E. WALSH

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"In all truth, it is not the big troubles that bother the missioner, so much as the little bothers that trouble him. The daily insignificant demands are the real terrors to meet." (The article below is continued from the last issue.)

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**B**EFORE the American missioner in South China has become fully attuned to the more leisurely tempo of the Orient, or has grasped the fine points of a bristlingly difficult language, he must perforce embark on active work. Hearing confessions, examining people in doctrine, bargaining with tradesmen and coolies, patching up the quarrels of his neophytes, putting through business deals of more or less finesse, buying land, making building contracts, opening schools, engaging employees, are some of the items which stretch to the breaking point his limited linguistic powers.

How tired he gets of being continually obliged to make decisions and perform acts the full import and implications of which he is not in a position to grasp! Yet he must go plodding along through the dark as best he can, until steady study and wide experience shall finally unite to usher him into comparative light. Patience and perseverance are needed to walk that road.

In addition to the everlasting exasperation of such a situation, there are the

many other pitfalls that yawn before his feet, but not his eyes. Inevitably he falls into many of them. He decides to be strict, and it turns out that he is bearing down on the wrong parties. He decides to be lenient, and soon he is being deceived and imposed upon.

He gives to beggars and discovers that he is being victimized by professional loafers. He sternly refuses them, and at once learns that he has sent away the deserving poor. His very patience seems to defeat itself; and he needs to cling blindly to the virtue for its own sake, without hoping to enjoy the natural fruits of it.

## Little Bothers

**M**EANWHILE the stage for all these maneuvers is far from being a favorable one. The heat and the humidity, with the extraordinary fatigue incidental to them, suffice alone to make up the summer of his discontent. Rains are torrential, frequently penetrating the tiles of his Chinese roof, if indeed typhoons do not sweep the tiles off altogether.

His house is poorly built, as a rule. The thin walls sweat with humidity; green mold covers everything; his clothes get damp, then mildewed, then moth-eaten. The white ants eat whatever is left, including the house itself. Roof beams, floor boards, doors, windows, wardrobes, bookcases, books: all things except concrete and steel go into that maw.

Henri Fabre was right in considering ants to be very intelligent creatures. At least they give every indication of exer-

cising a judicious discrimination in literature, for the books they eat invariably turn out to be the ones most prized, while the works of Josephus and Montgomery Ward are permitted to remain intact.

South China is a paradise of insects. White ants eat everything, mosquitoes bite everything, June bugs bump into everything, while big black beetles and big brown roaches crawl over everything and everybody. Flies and fleas are everywhere. Gnats plague and pester. Meanwhile clothes, books, suitcases, and tools speedily go the way of all flesh; not to mention sunny dispositions.

In all truth, it is not the big troubles that bother the missionary so much, as the little bothers that trouble him. The daily insignificant demands are the real terrors to meet. When the missionary becomes a housekeeper, as become he must or starve, in that simple circumstance alone he is elected to the office of Job.

If he lives alone his situation is bearable, as he has only himself to please; but if he has a community to cater for, he soon finds himself wearing a perpetual hair shirt. Gradually he settles into a resigned gauntlet of criticism for the real or imagined shortcomings of his servants.

### **Charity A Problem**

**PSYCHOLOGY** is a blessed word for him who can sit back at ease to review the profane mob, but it has its own personal battles which no one in active life can escape — least of all the missionary. Fraternal charity, that was once his greatest bugbear and his finest opportunity in the seminary, remains the same eternal problem in China.

If one of the confreres is an old missionary and the other a greenhorn, the tension is likely to be much increased. The young man is exceedingly boring with his enthu-

siastic discoveries of truisms that the older man has known for years: the old man is supremely exasperating with his hidebound attitude to every hopeful novelty. They came to China to convert non-Christians, and they remain to confound each other.

### **The Narrow Round**

**AFTER** his first long jaunt across the globe, the missionary's life is circumscribed. In this narrow round, lies the germ of intellectual disintegration for the man who is not on his guard. The situation encourages notions. He adds to his real troubles imaginary ones. Being out of contact with much of the world, he yields to the temptation of generalizing from some petty instance.

What he really needs is the philosophic discipline of tomes which gather dust on his shelves while he hurries from village to village. One great salvation is available to him, however, and in the Providence of God, also inescapable. It is that same fraternal friction which cuts to cure. What years of Aquinas failed to accomplish for the missionary, the sharp wits of a curate will often effect.

Nerves play their part in these phenomena. Many of the missionary's statements do not represent his mind, and many of his attitudes are not dictated by his heart.

It takes a busy American a long time to adopt the tempo of the easy-going Orient. He is still mentally catching subway trains after ten years in China. Here he comes home from a round of his villages, seriously undernourished and fairly well exhausted. He is due for a rest, but instead he goes at piled-up mail and accumulated irons in the home fire like a tiger. His nerves suffer.

*(To be concluded)*

## Manchu Missioner

by ALBERT J. NEVINS

FATHER HOWARD GESELBRACHT is a tall, thin man. Long journeys over bleak Manchurian plains have given him a sturdy and youthful figure. Biting winds swirling out of frigid Siberian wastes have sharpened his features and left him with the look of a man used to the out-of-doors. Father Geselbracht left this country sixteen years ago for the Maryknoll Manchurian mission. Now after almost two years in a concentration camp, he has been sent home by the Japanese until war's end.

"The Japanese were careful to tell us," he remarks in precisely punctuated speech, "that although we were interned, it was not because of our religious beliefs. It was simply because we were Americans. They wanted this clearly understood, lest in any way they be accused of persecuting religion. They wanted us to leave Manchuria of our own accord, so that this charge might not be laid against them. Bishop Lane refused and they finally had to send us out with the other Americans."

War is not a new experience to Father

Many a Chinese inn saw Father Geselbracht's adroit use of chopsticks



Geselbracht. He had just finished schooling at Crane "Tech" and the University of Illinois when World War I broke upon this country. He was commissioned as a lieutenant in the United States Army. After the war, he came to Maryknoll and was ordained in 1927 and assigned to Fushun, Manchuria, the same year.

Father Geselbracht quickly won for himself the reputation of being a good missionary. He brought back to the Faith a group of men who had apostatized in the Boxer Rebellion, thirty-six years earlier.

To Manchurians about Fushun, he was a familiar figure as he dined on native fare in Chinese inns, and pushed his bicycle up steep mountainsides to seek and visit Christians in hidden and inaccessible places in the Manchurian hills.

Father Geselbracht was known for his dispensary work, and for his careful supervision of the shoe, carpentry, and spinning trades that had been set up by the mission. One particular project of which he was very fond had to be halted at the outset because of unsettled conditions and also the lack of funds. He wanted to found colonies for the Christians who were pouring into Manchuria from Shantung Province, seeking work. He hoped that, by bringing these Christians into settlements, he could enable them to keep up their Catholic life and be free from



**Father Geselbracht brings in wood, fuel for his stoves**

oppressive labor conditions.

Missioners in Manchuria felt war with Japan approaching. Six months before Pearl Harbor, following the freezing of Japanese assets by the United States, the missioners were virtually interned. Travel was allowed on only three days a month, and written application had to be filed before one could leave his mission even on these days. Bishop Lane went to see Bishop Blois of the Faris Foreign Mission Society, and arrangements were made that the French would cover the American mission field in case of war.

Father Geselbracht, along with the other Maryknollers, was arrested and interned immediately after the attack on Pearl Harbor. All the Belgian, Canadian, and other American missioners in Manchuria were treated likewise. Thus in one stroke, one third of the clergy in Manchuria were removed from active service. However, the plans that had been made before the war now proved their worth. Swiss, French, German, Austrian and native Chinese priests immediately came into the priestless missions, and thus the Christians were not deprived of the sacraments. These priests preserved the faith of the people, and even today the work of the Church goes forward. Conversions are being made, and works of charity are being kept alive.

The big problem for the priests of German, Austrian, and French nationalities was one of funds. Their own countries were engaged in the war, and no money was coming from home. It was a consolation to Father Geselbracht to see how the Manchurian Christians rallied to the cause. The priests had been educating them for years in the support of their own clergy, and now this education bore fruit. They supported the native priests, bringing them food and giving them what little money they could scrape together. Wealthy Christians in Dairen, besides supporting their priest, also paid the salary of the mission catechists — those men whose purpose it is to go out along the highways and byways and instruct others in the Faith. Thus the Church in Manchuria marches bravely into the future.

#### **They Don't Forget**

"THE people did not forget us, either," says Father Geselbracht. "They would smuggle food and presents in to us. Their loyalty was our greatest consolation." He tells of how, when the Maryknollers were interned at Mukden, news leaked out that some of the priests were going home in the first repatriation, which took place over a year ago. Catholics in Fushun heard the news; and during the entire day before the repatriation, the Mukden internment camp was flooded with visitors

who had come to say good-bye to the priests. Many Christians walked the entire thirty miles from Fushun.

#### **Chinese Charity**

WHEN the priests were brought back to Fushun for internment, they had regular visitors. Few Chinese bothered to get permission from the police, but trusted to their own cleverness to get within the gates. Father Hewitt, a companion of Father Geselbracht, had helped a poor man some years previously. After the priests had been interned, a relative of this man died and left him twenty dollars. The man sent the money to Father Hewitt. In another city ten families paid the rent of a priest sent in by Bishop Blois, while the poorer people of the parish gathered contributions for their interned priests.

The people took a delight in outwitting the guards who had been placed around the missionaries. Each day they thought up new ways of smuggling in food, knowing that if they were caught they would be severely punished. One old woman sewed secret pockets in her gown, another hid eggs in a large bandage placed about her arm, others sent in eggs buried in the bottom of flower pots.

"They are a grand people!" says Father Geselbracht. "I hope I can go back to them soon."

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#### **Leprosy in the World**

Since there are some three million lepers in the world, one out of every seven hundred persons on the globe suffers from the disease. The organization with members directly caring for the largest number of lepers is the Catholic Church. In the 108 asylums operated by the Church or entrusted to it throughout the mission world, are fifteen thousand inmates, while in some areas where lepers have their freedom many other victims are treated at home. American Franciscan Sisters attend the lepers of Molokai, and American missionaries of Maryknoll operate an asylum for 500 inmates in South China.

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**MISSION SISTERS** — The Canadian Sister pictured above with a Chinese orphan in Shanghai is but one of the 40,000 Sisters now at work in the world-wide Catholic missions. Fifty per cent of these Sisters are in Africa; 3,357 labor in India; and 6,432, in China.



# Sanctuary During Bombing

by SISTER AGNES VIRGINIA HIGGINS

ONLY the day before the forty two-motored Japanese bombers came to Wuchow, our pastor, Father Peter Reilly, had been teasing the Sisters about their disparaging attitude toward the Father's air-raid shelter.

"After the last bombing, I went into the chapel and found the Sisters kneeling there as calmly as you please," he said. "It looks as if they don't think much of our shelter."

"Well," retorted Father Sprinkle, "both the chapel and the shelter are on the ground floor. I'd choose the chapel myself."

If only he had acted accordingly, the following morning!

That morning, the day of the destruction of the Wuchow mission by bombs, the alarm had sounded at half past five, and two hours later the all-clear signal had not been given. After breakfast we three Sisters and eleven of the school children went to the chapel.

## Nearer the Tabernacle

THE light was dim, and I caught only glimpses of Sister Henrietta Marie's face, as she knelt in the front pew on the opposite side of the aisle. She was probably reliving the days of terror in Hong Kong when she had seen the Japanese come, not only in zooming planes, but on eager feet with crimson-stained bayonets thrust forward.

In the rear of the chapel, Sister Mary Chanel led the school-children in the recitation of the Rosary. They were quieted by their teacher's reassuring calm. One officious little girl even corrected her companion's pronunciation, and two boys ardently disputed the possession of a pair of beads.

Suddenly Sister Chanel rose and approached closer to the altar. Every child followed her. That move saved their lives.

Sister explained later: "The flickering sanctuary lamp seemed to beckon to me. I thought we



should be safer nearer the tabernacle."

Soon after the little group had moved, the alert signal wailed in quick screams. The thunder of planes and the deafening explosion of bombs came closer and closer. Then a paroxysm of fury and sound roared and hammered at our backs.

Doors ten feet high were torn from their hinges and hurled across the crumbling pews and benches. Stout beams crashed downward, splintering themselves almost beside us. Strong candlesticks on the altar were bent and twisted by the awful concussion.

At the very place where Sister Chanel and the children had knelt a moment before, three stories of utter wreckage toppled into chaos. Through it all, the little space around the Blessed Sacrament remained untouched.

#### **Not Even a Bruise**

**WE** CAME out of the ruins, choking with lime dust, but even the smallest tot did not give way to panic.

There followed the discovery that Father Sprinkle was missing. Though the planes came back over the city twice, we paid little heed to them, as we tore at the debris covering Father Sprinkle's battered body. Next, we did our feeble best in fighting the flames that were licking the ruins.

No one relaxed until two of the Fathers



**Sister Agnes Virginia of  
Brownlee, Nebraska**

returned from the hospital with the news that Father Sprinkle would live.

Then we took time to check more closely on our little group that had sought sanctuary around the Blessed Sacrament. Not a single one of the fourteen people who had been in the chapel had sustained even a slight bruise.

The Maryknoll Sisters,  
Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.

I am enclosing herewith \$....., to be used by Maryknoll Sisters for the direct work of saving souls.

*My Name* .....

*My Address* .....

I will send, as long as I can, \$..... each month for the support of a Maryknoll Sister. (\$1 supports a Sister one day. There are 675 Maryknoll Sisters).

# Where Time Stopped

by THOMAS P. COLLINS

**C**ONQUISTO, BOLIVIA! Almost every palm hut in this green corner of the world on the *Madre de Dios* has a clock, but the clocks are never wound. Ask an Indian the time, and he will tell you — by the sun. I know no better way to illustrate that seconds, minutes, hours — even years — mean little to the simple people who live in the jungle that is my parish.

Ask a child his age. If he is seven, he may say, "Three years, Padre."

He has never had to think about passing time. His parents never worried about it. The parents do not know their children's ages. Like the child, they guess, but only out of sheer politeness. They try to place

age within a few years. They think that is ample.

They're apt to say: "Sebastian? He must have been born before the Carmen *fiesta* — four, perhaps six, years ago." Time has little meaning in this sleepy, green world.

These Indians are eager for instruction, but few of the adults can read or write, and they must learn their prayers by rote, as the raucous parrots who shrill at them from the jungle growth would have to learn these prayers. The men are up with the dawn, or sooner, and the little ones with them, to tap the trees for latex. The women have meals to prepare. I teach whomever I find at home, as I trudge from hut to hut. Some days, I think I repeat the "Our Father" at least one hundred times. There is no other way.

## No Clock-Watching Here

**T**HERE is something eerie in passing from North American bustle and clock-watching into the calm, ageless jungle. Sometimes it crowds you. No newspapers reach here, no radio broadcasts, no telegrams, no telephone messages. On the *Madre de Dios* there is no faint echo — no tiny whisper, even — of the war. Because there is no modern lighting, I must go to sleep soon after sundown — as the Indians do, and have done for centuries.

Lying in the dark at night, I hear the jungle creatures, as they thrash through heavy growth, and the weird cries of noc-



Father Thomas Collins of  
San Francisco





**The children of the jungle are eager for the knowledge that the missionary brings them**

turnal birds. The Indians talk only of the size of their pigs, of the number of chickens in their flocks, of the success or failure they have had in their hunting. These topics mark the limit of their conversational repertoires. Only the coming of the priest has provided a new topic for eager discussion.

#### **No Point in Fussing**

**Y**ET these are deeply religious folk. They turn out to the last man, woman, and child for Mass. They have their own chapel — a modest thing of palm leaves, saplings, and hardwood logs. Their altar is simple, with holy pictures for adornment. They recite the Rosary with difficulty, but they are eager to learn — almost pathetically eager. If they could study the Catechism,

they would learn more quickly, but print is a mystery, to them. To know this is to understand how sorely they have need of us.

A man may be impatient when he first comes here, but he soon learns that impatience is something better left behind in the troubled world outside these jungle walls. On my trip down the *Madre de Dios*, we were stranded for hours on a sand bar. We waited patiently until high water freed us. The rudder chain snapped. We waited hours until it was repaired. There would be no point in fussing. The natives would be puzzled if they saw us fret about time.

On Sundays after breakfast, the little boys of Conquisto accompany me to the river to fish. Incidentally, this is a sportsman's paradise. The streams are alive with

fish; the jungles teem with wild life — monkeys, jaguars, squirrels, pheasant, quail, parrots, ducks, and wild boars. Children are hunters before they are six or seven.

They are good cooks at that age, too. On our last fishing trip, a child of seven prepared the food we had caught and served it up in a communal pot, hot and tasty. The children even made the spoons out of a soft wood they had cut in the jungle. An Eagle Scout back home would, in a manner of speaking, be a piping canary beside these Indian nippers. They are incredibly good swimmers, too. Alligators infest local waters, but the *minos* flash away from them and laugh about it.

#### **Centuries Bring No Change**

AS IT is at Conquisto, so I find it, too, at Batraja and Bella Vista. I move along jungle trails where the baked dust is inches thick and like fine powder, when the weather's dry. I flounder on the same trails after heavy rains. The huts are of palm leaves and saplings, built today as they have been for centuries. Beds are merely bark, covered with blankets, just as they were hundreds of years ago.

The silent clocks of Conquisto are symbolic. This is the place where Time has stopped.

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#### **"I was homeless, and you took me in."**

*An asylum for destitute, aged fathers and mothers in the Orient, would establish an appropriate memorial to your own beloved parents. Write us.*

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## **Letters**

"Our chaplain asks me to pass my copy of THE FIELD AFAR on to him when I have finished. After that it goes to our reading room. I still have a few back numbers, which are worn thin from passing through so many different hands. It's hard to obtain Catholic literature for the men down here in the South Pacific, so you see the one copy I get fills a hole on our magazine table.

"While serving in mission country, I made the acquaintance of two Maryknoll Fathers and several Sisters. On one occasion they showed me through their chapel and school. For the first time, I was able personally to see the splendid work being done by the Fathers and Sisters of Maryknoll. The native children attending the school showed that they had learned well the principles of Catholic teaching. Would that more of our 'home-front Maryknollers' could see the splendid work that is being done in the fields afar. One day I attended Mass in the church, and so impressed was I, by watching the attention which the older people gave to the Holy Sacrifice, and the beauty of the children's singing, that Mass was nearly over before I realized that I was probably setting a very bad example by not following the Mass myself. I think I learned a very valuable lesson that morning, for although the native people may not be as learned as we, still I think they appreciate the Faith a whole lot more. I know that I shall always remember that morning at a Maryknoll mission for it was there that I received an insight into the valuable work that is being done by Maryknoll. While I realize that this war is a sacrifice being shared by millions of our American boys all over the world, I don't think it's half the sacrifice that is made by your priests and Sisters. We may hunger for home and loved ones, but the pagan hungers for knowledge of Christ.

"May I ask that you remember the men of our Regiment in your prayers?"

— Corporal J. S. N., South Pacific

**HERE'S A MAN who is looking ahead. How about you? When you make your will, remember Maryknoll. Our legal title in New York state is: Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc., of Maryknoll, New York. For our legal title in your state, please write us.**



# Kweilin's Number One

by MSGR. JOHN ROMANIELLO

**N**UMBER ONE man in Kweilin is Doctor John Wu, one of China's leading citizens and probably the nation's outstanding Catholic layman. Maryknollers in Kweilin are pleased to number Dr. Wu among their Christians. Not only does he give great prestige to the Church by his example, but he renders innumerable services to the mission. Recently Dr. Wu contributed to building our language school, and for his assistance we allowed him to choose the name. He called it Saint Jude, Patron of the Impossible.

Engaged at the present time in preparing a new translation of the Scriptures for Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, Dr. Wu has called on Saint Jude, to whom he has great devotion, to help him in his difficult task. Every morning this Chinese scholar comes to our language school for Mass and Communion. He also uses the chapel for daily meditation.

Dr. Wu is one of China's most brilliant legal minds. He has held many important posts in the government, such as President of the Provisional Court and Vice-Chairman of the Commission for Drafting a Permanent Constitution for China. He has been a member of Parliament since 1933 and is Chairman of its Law Codification Committee.

He studied law in Shanghai, and also at the University of Michigan, the Sorbonne in Paris, and the University of Berlin. He lectured at Northwestern University in Chicago and was invited to join the faculty of Harvard University. Dr. Wu became a Catholic in 1937, after reading

the autobiography of Saint Therese of Lisieux.

In his recent book on the teachings of The Little Flower, Dr. Wu tells why he is a Catholic. He says: "To me as a Chinese, the great thing about Christianity is that it combines the profound mysticism of Lao Tzu with the intense humanism of Confucius. . . .

"Confucius said, 'One who has given offense to God prays in vain.' Lao Tzu said, 'Why did the ancients prize the Tao? Is it not because through it, whoever seeks finds, and whoever is guilty is relieved of punishment?'

"The Confucian idea of God is personal but narrow, while the Taoistic idea is broad and impersonal. In my humble opinion, God is more than a Person, and for that very reason He is capable of assuming a Personality. Those who think otherwise seem to place themselves above God. They presume that they alone can possess personalities, but not God.

"Only Christianity can satisfy my mind completely, because its idea of God is at once broad and personal. And it is Therese who has confirmed my faith in my religion, for her mind is as subtle and detached as that of Lao Tzu, while her heart is as affectionate as that of Confucius."

Dr. Wu is one of the most prominent Catholics in China, and he has done much for the Faith. Maryknollers in Kweilin are happy to have him in their mission, for he can help them to reach others so that all China may some day rejoice in the same Faith that he has found.





#### CHINA'S CATHOLIC DAILY

A bright sign for the future of the Church in China is the fact that one of the largest daily papers in China is the Catholic paper, *I Che Pao, Social Welfare*. Founded in 1915 by the late Father Vincent Lebbe, on a capital of twenty thousand Chinese dollars that he raised by interesting wealthy Chinese and European friends, the paper was originally published in Tientsin. Within a few months, it had a circulation of 40,000 copies, and with the possible exception of another paper in Shanghai has the largest in China. Today it is being published in Chungking under the editorship of Bishop Paul Yu Pin, Vicar Apostolic of Nanking, China.

## Books

*Reviews on Maryknoll's latest book "Men of Maryknoll" have come in from all parts of the country. Here are excerpts from a few of them.*

**The Boston Pilot:** "The simple, moving, and dramatic story of Maryknollers at work . . . tales of American and Chinese bravery that have never been told before . . . a book that every American can read with pride and unflagging enjoyment." — **Chicago Tribune:** "An impressive book . . . in its simplicity it is often very really inspiring because it deals so truly with bravery and sacrifice and good will . . . consistently a warm and human book." — **San Francisco Monitor:** "A grand sampling of their history-making activities to delight the hearts of all American Catholics." — **Atlanta Journal:** "Stories of the quiet courage which has sent the Maryknoll missionaries from America to many parts of the world. Father Keller and Newspaperman Berger tell of Maryknollers who have served during the recent disasters in the East with the same heroism they carried with them to remote regions where Christianity was little known. Memorable stories." — **Book-of-the-Month Club:** "*Men of Maryknoll* follows the lives of a series of men who have gone into the thick of famine, disease, and catastrophe and willingly turned their energies into any needful field. The stories told are inspiring — Christian heroism in daily living as well as in the terrible hours of tragedy." — **Catholic Transcript:** "It is hard to say when there has appeared a book with such power to move and to uplift the reader as this slim volume generates throughout. Everyone will get a feeling of exaltation

from it, whether he be Catholic, Jew, or Protestant. It is a glowing record of courage and generosity. It is free of pietism and soapy moralizing . . . No one should miss *Men of Maryknoll*. It is a stimulant for hearts worn and slowed by the baseness which abounds on earth today." — **Washington Times-Herald:** "A book that should give any American reason to go the limit for his peaceful, wonderful country, rather than face what these men did of their own accord . . . a simple, moving story . . . mighty fine reading . . ." — **Denver Register:** "The Maryknoll missionaries do not go out as exponents of American civilization, but it is impossible to read this book without the thought that these representatives of all that is best in the American character are doing a work in spreading good will for their country second only to that of extending the kingdom of Christ." — **The New York Times Book Review:** "A book that sees everything plain but the light is never harsh . . . a humble and wondering story . . . It is a good story to be reminded of during these days of murderous hate . . . These are moments of the utmost heroism and nobility — to everyone but the missionaries themselves." — **The Philadelphia Inquirer:** "A book of real men and real deeds . . . a book of adventures . . . dramatic story . . . a book about men of whose goodness we need more." — **Cincinnati Inquirer:** "A living story of men on the march for Christ and humanity — adventurous and inspirational."

Pin two \$1 bills to this coupon — if it is not convenient to secure a \$2 money order or check — and mail to:

The Maryknoll Bookshelf  
Maryknoll P.O., New York

and a copy of *Men of Maryknoll* will be sent to you. Please print your name below.

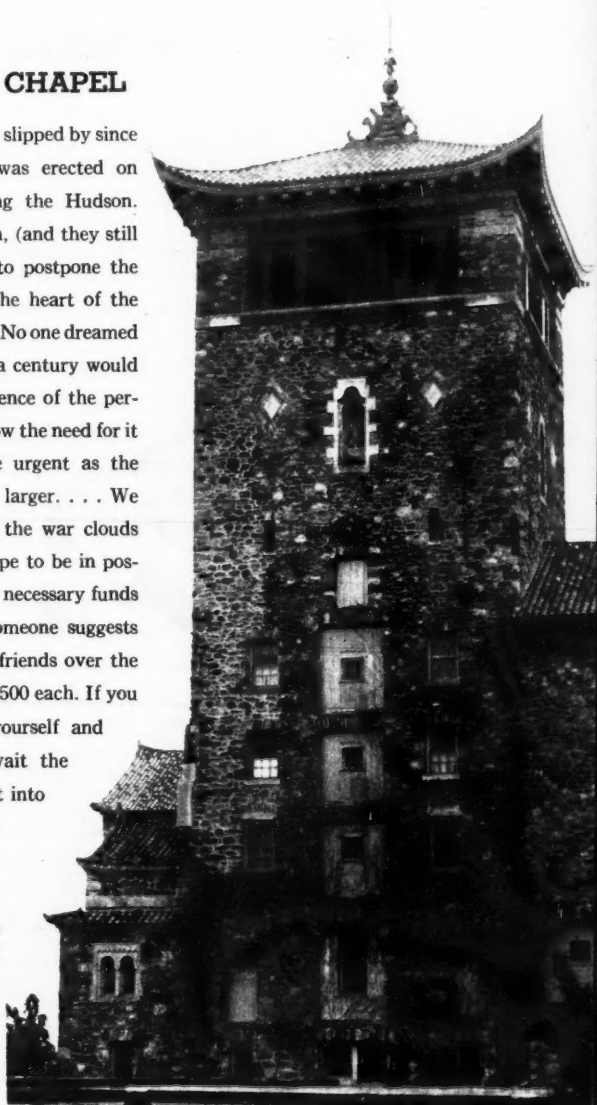
My Name . . . . .

My Address . . . . .

## THE MISSING CHAPEL

Over twenty years have slipped by since our Seminary building was erected on Mary's Knoll overlooking the Hudson. Needs were pressing, then, (and they still are!) so it was decided to postpone the building of the chapel, the heart of the Seminary, for a few years. No one dreamed that nearly a quarter of a century would roll by with still no evidence of the permanent edifice. . . . But now the need for it becomes more and more urgent as the student body grows ever larger. . . . We plan no drive, but once the war clouds have cleared away we hope to be in possession of sufficient of the necessary funds to begin construction. Someone suggests that there might be 500 friends over the country who would give \$500 each. If you are inclined to include yourself and are willing to let us await the war's end to put your gift into service, we shall be happy to hear from you.

●  
**The Maryknoll Fathers**  
**Maryknoll P. O., N. Y.**



## Maryknoll Want Ads

**Help the blind!** Their lot is hard even in our own land — but doubly terrible in war-torn China. Maryknoll feeds and cares for many helpless unfortunates at a cost of \$5 per month per person. We ask support for this effort.

**Hammock** — a light, convenient, safe bed, easily transported, ideal for jungle travelers, indispensable to our South American missionaries. Hammocks cost \$7.50 each. We are asked for two

**She Vanished!** She did not tell her husband and children that she had become a leper: they might lament and cling to her. She simply stole away. She went to Toi Shan, Maryknoll's leprosarium in China, for treatment. It costs \$50 a year to keep her there. Who will help towards this sum?

**A Mass kit** — portable for mission use, costs \$150. It is the one thing no Maryknoller in the mountains of Peru or the jungles of Bolivia can be without, any more than a doctor can lack medicines, or a workman lack tools. Will someone provide them?

**A heavy load** — 133 pounds of rice once cost \$5 in South China. Now it costs much more because of the war. We must either close down refugee stations at our missions, leaving the people to starve or increase the sums we are sending. Which shall it be?

**Four mules** — sure-footed animals — are needed to carry the missionaries on sick calls over the tortuous mountain peaks of Peru. A mule and his saddle can be purchased for \$50.

**If two strangers** — one American and one Chinese — offered you advice, which would you prefer? Probably, the American, because he is your own kind. Chinese feel the same

way: that is why we are so anxious to educate native priests and Sisters, to carry God's word to their people. Complete priestly training in Asia costs \$1500. There is no better use for money than to spend it on training a servant for our Lord!

**We are careful** and frugal people, but in spite of our best efforts, dishes *will* get broken occasionally. The Maryknoll Seminary needs about \$20 to replace the breakages of recent months, in dining room wares. Who will help with this need?

**With war** and famine and disease, we need many coffins in China. They cost \$10 each.

**Make** some Maryknoll missionary your "personal representative." You can sponsor him for only \$1 a day; and then whatever good he does, you do also!

**You would be sorry** for them, if you could see our Chinese cripples; but the vast Pacific Ocean lies between

them and you. You would want to help them, If you knew how great is their need. But we are so little able to make you realize it. Help them, anyway! \$5 a month will do it!

"**Now I've been here,**" writes a soldier from the South Pacific. "Now that I've *seen* how much these people need your help and guidance I'm increasing my Maryknoll gift. If the folks at home could see too, you'd have more to work with!" If a man on the spot feels that way, and gives from his \$50 a month — ?

**Bishop Escalante** writes from Bolivia — "We need umbrellas and pails to catch the rain *inside* our church and house. Or could you get us some money to repair the roofs?"





## The Maryknoll Missions Need

Mass kit — Peru . . . . .	\$ 150	Folding cots — Bolivia . . (Each) \$	18
Mule and saddle — Peru . . . . .	50	Medicine — China . . . . .	15
Mass candles — China . . . . .	300	Medical kit — Bolivia . . . . .	20
Vestments — Central America . .	25	Rectory — Central America . . . .	300
Chapel truck — Bolivia . . . . .	1000	Horse — Bolivia . . . . .	100
Church repairs — Chile . . . . .	150	Harmonium — Central America	300
Church repairs — Bolivia . . . . .	300	Support of Aged — China . . . . .	5
Mass wine and hosts — Ecuador	30	Medals — Central America . . . . .	25

Buy War Bonds Series F or G in the name of *Maryknoll Fathers' Mission Society, Inc.* and send them to Maryknoll as stringless gifts.



**TODAY** American youth dreams of the future. Huge opportunities will be theirs. Thousands of young men are needed in the foreign legion of Christ. Have you ever thought of going out over the world as a missionary?

